



Myghty fader in heuen on hye  
 One god and persones thre  
 That made bothe daye and nyght  
 And after as it was thy wyll  
 Thyn owne sone thou sent vs tyll  
 In amayden to lyght  
 Syth the Jewes that were mylde  
 Hanged hym that was so mylde  
 And to dethe hym dyght  
 Whan he was deed the sothe to saye  
 To lyfe he rose on the thyrde daye  
 Thorough his owne myght  
 Then to helle he wente anone  
 And toke out soules many one  
 Out of that holde he hente  
 Maugre the fendes that were holde  
 He toke the prysoners out of holde  
 With them to heuen he wente  
 On his faders ryght hande he hym sette  
 That all sholde knowe withouten lette  
 That he was omnyppotent  
 And after wysdome he was sente  
 That all sholde kepe his commaundemente  
 And for to byleue in hym betray  
 That is our sauour  
 That bozne was of that blyssed floure  
 That byght Mary I saye  
 That shall vs deme withouten mylle  
 Some to payne and some to blyss  
 At dyedfull domes daye  
 Tho that byleue on hym a ryght  
 To blyss they gone with aungelles byght

*Cassianus a Metrical Romance  
 probably F. by Lyken de Norder.*

And Joye for aye  
To Ihesu as thou bought us dere  
Gyue them Joye this gest wyll here  
And hearken on a ryght  
Some men loueth to here tell  
Of doughty knyghtes that were fell  
And some of ladyes bryght  
And some myracles that are tolde  
And some of venterous knyghtes olde  
That for our lord dyde fyght  
As Charles dyde that noble kynge  
That hethen downe dyde brynge  
Thrughe the helpe of god almyghty  
He wanne fro the hethen boundes  
The spere and nayles of crystes woundes  
And also the crowne of thorne  
And many a ryche relyke mo  
Wha myghte of them he wanne also  
And kylled them euen and moze  
The turkes and the paynymys bolde  
He felled doune many a folde  
Durst none stande hym befoze  
Charles gan them so affraye  
That the catpues myght curle the daye  
And the tyme that they were bozne







**D**ow Machampte that turke vntreue  
 To our lord Cryst Ihesu  
 And to his lawe also  
 Many crysten men slayne hath be  
 And wanne constantyne y noble cyte  
 With many townes mo  
 He brent and slewe / & lefte none on lyfe  
 Neyther man / chylde / ne wyfe  
 To dethe he made them go  
 Yonge Innocentes y neuer dyde gylte  
 That false turke hath them spylte  
 He played the kynge Pharao  
 All the stretes of Constantyne  
 Ranne blode reder than wyne  
 That meruayle was to se  
 Capyt.

There coude no man his fote downe sette  
I gyue you knowlege withonten lette  
But on a deed body  
The crysten men wente to wrake  
The churches and our ymages they bꝛake  
That were made of stone and tree  
The crucyfye of our sauyour  
They kest it downe with dyshonour  
And also our lady  
The slewe our pꝛeestes at the masse  
Goddes men had no grace  
They kyled them downe in euery stede  
Bothe pꝛeestes & clerkes they put to dede;  
Within goddes holy place  
The turkes kene with shelde and spere  
Our pꝛeestes befoze the hye aultere  
They ranne thꝛughe in a rage  
Many gan dye foꝛ crystes loue  
Aungelles theyꝝ soules bare aboue  
To blysse and moche solace  
Thus the turke the wycked quede  
Crysten people he put to dede  
And lefte fewe vpon lyue  
The hethen cryed with grete dyspyte  
On mahounde and Macampte  
The turkes men full ryue  
There was uone that durst on Ihesu crye  
But they were taken and slayne in hye  
A none and that byleue  
The turke hym selfe a crye dyde make  
There sholde no man a pꝛysoner take  
God lette them neuer thꝛyue



Then the dogges þ̄ byleued on mahounde  
The crysten people kylled to the grounde  
No golde myght be theyr mede  
The Crysten sawe that they sholde dye  
And on theyr maysters layde hande quicly  
And faught a wele good spede  
Euery prysoner then on lyue  
Kylled of the turkes foure or fyue  
To helle theyr soules yede  
Oz our prysoners after were take  
Many a turke they made blake  
There was no helme noz haubergyon  
Plate oz male noz good aucion  
Theyr dyntes myght refrayne  
Macamyte sawe his men so dye  
And loude on mahounde he gan crye  
In herte he was not fayne  
Our crysten neded no wepen craue  
The stretes laye full take who wolde haue  
To fyght with men of mayne  
Anone within a lytell thowme  
Fyue. M. turkes on a rowe  
In the stretes lay clayne  
Whan Mychampte that spyed  
Out on mahounde he cryed  
And as a fende dyde yell  
Our crysten stode in full grete doubte  
As doughty men layde fast aboute  
Upon the houndes of helle  
Our crysten men were then to fewe  
For the turkes came euer newe  
In sothe as I you tell

Our men hewed on hastely  
And made turkes loude to crye  
The false downe they fell  
Thus countred with sarasyns kene  
Cyll. lxxx. M. were layde be dene  
In a lytell thought  
Mychampte was neuer so wo  
To se so fewe so many slo  
His sorowe was not chozte  
He cryed Mahounde as he wolde braste  
Our crysten on Ihesu cryed faste  
That all the worlde wrought  
Some scaped away with goddes grace  
On lyue maugre the turkes face  
But many than gan dye  
At the dystruccyon of Cyrys  
Were not so many slayne ywys  
As were ou bothe partyes  
Alas saufe crysten wyll of heuen  
Our crysten were made bneuen  
With a falle company  
For of the turkes and sarasyns kene  
An. C. were withouten wene  
Agaynst one of our meny





**H**e emperour of Constantyne  
 A doughty man at a tyme  
 The turke hym toke that hethen hounde  
 And gaue hym many a gryfly wounde  
 I praye god grue hym grame  
 He bounde hym tyll the blode out braste  
 And badde hym forlake Ihesu in haste  
 Or elles thou shalte haue shame  
 Haue done anone/and hym desyre  
 And also his moder Marpe  
 That thou callest his dame  
 Waleryan answered and sayd nay  
 Thou shalte neuer se that daye  
 That I shall hym forlake  
 Turne the turke and all thy men  
 Or elles in helle thou shalte brenne  
 Capyst.

Amonge the fendes blacke  
A cue in Ihesu full of myght  
And that mayden that he in lyght  
For crysten men sake  
Than the turke wexed euyl a payed  
Commaunded his men at a brayed  
Anone to make hym naked  
He bad them bete him with scourges kene  
And after boze out his eyen  
With wymbles hote and reed  
They plucked his herte by and by  
And bothe his eeres on hy  
They cut of his heed  
With pynsons his teche they brake  
Bad hym anone his god for sake  
Or sholde neuer ete breed  
They sawe in no wyse that it wolde be  
Anone they made a sawe of tre  
And sawed hym to deed  
Tho the turkes with moche payne  
This doughty men haue they slayne  
for Crystes sake I saye  
And so they dyde with many mo  
The turkes myght curse the tyme also  
That they there came that daye  
Of crystes people was many a part marte  
There was no turke payed of his parte  
By the laste ende of the fraye  
They had helle for theyr fyght  
They crysten wente to heuen by gyght  
To bye in blyss for aye  
Thus is constantyne y noble cyte wonne



Beten doune with many a gonne  
And crysten people slayne  
There the turke with his meyne  
Keped styll that noble cyte  
Durst no man hym with sayne  
Forty myle rounde aboute  
Durst no man by hym route  
Neither on hyll ne playne  
The turke kepte the felde many a day  
Crysten people in the countrey  
Of hym were dzedde I sayne  
Where they myght ony crysten gete  
I tell you now withouten doute  
They lefte there lyfe to wedde  
All suffred dethe for Crystes sake  
That this turke myght ouertake  
But thus they for hym fledde  
Therof herde a holy frere  
The werkes of the fendes fere  
And to Rome hym spedde  
Johan cappstranus the frere hyght  
I dare say he was goddes knyght  
An holy man was he  
To the pope anone he wanne  
Cappstranus that holy man  
And kneled vpon his kne  
He sayd fader for crystes lone of heuen  
That made this worlde and dayes seven  
Herken now to me  
There is a turke I vnderstande  
That brennes and flees goddes lande  
Grette dole it is to se

The turke his puirose is  
I lete you wete withouten mys  
To wyne all hungree  
Therfore fader put thy holy hande  
And helpe to warre goddes lande  
His true bycar yf thou be  
He brenneth chirches in euery place  
Crysten men gothe to deth a pace  
To beholde is grete pyte  
Now fader helpe with thy socoure  
For Maryes loue that swete floure  
Our hope is moche in the  
With two hondred this same daye  
To Greuselwylsynburgh he toke the waye  
This is no scozne  
Many a thousande there shall dye  
If he wyne that ryall cytye  
All hungrye is forlorne  
I am the messynger of Ihesus  
Truely lord it wyll be thus  
As I haue sayd beforne  
Therfore helpe with all thy myght  
For goddes loue for to fyght  
That was of Marye borne  
Than the pope sayd anone  
Good broder frere Ihon  
As I vnderstande  
Thou prechest goddes wordes wyde  
In the countree on euery syde  
In many a dyuerse lande  
Thou knowest many a noble man  
Take a capytayne where thou can



Whyder that he be free or bonde  
And as I am goddes bycat true  
This false turke his rese shall rue  
And therto my holy hande  
Now fader I thanke the hartely  
To chese a capytayne the bydde me  
Certayne without ony mys  
Now holy fader withouten layne  
This shall be my capytayne  
He sayd the pope ymys  
A baner of crystes pyllion  
That mannes soule dyde redempcyon  
And brought them from payne to lyght  
Holowe it with thy hande  
The people may the better stande  
That vnder it dooth fyght  
This shall be my capytayne  
An other wolde I haue fayne  
That is thy bull of leed  
That all that vnder it dooth fyght  
For goddes loue moost of myght  
Euer in ony lande  
If it happen them to be slayne  
That theyr soules come neuer in payne  
After that they be deed  
The people sayd blyssed myght thou be  
A holy man I holde the  
I wyll do after thy rede  
Anone þ baner was made and halowed  
The bull cealed and vp folded  
And the pardon of grace  
Delpyered it to the frere truely

The people blyssed hym tymes thre  
And thus his leue he taketh  
Barefote he bare out of the toun  
The baner of crystes passyoun  
Towarde the turke he hasteth  
And preched goddes lawe as he yede  
And moche people to hym gan spede  
To gete theyr soules colace  
Grete golde and syluer was hym gyuen  
And euer he delts it euen  
Tho people that with hym yede  
So certaynly as I you saye  
All romayne for hym dyde praye  
And so it was grete nede  
Suche freres we haue to fewe  
Pray all we Cryste Ihesu  
To be his helpe and spede  
For of this I fynde a fyfte  
Ferther and ye wyll sytte  
Her kyn and take good hede





His frere wente to Hungry  
And many men with hym cruely  
That for ourlorde dyde fyght  
To an byuersyte he toke the waye  
The gretest in Hungrye I dare well saye  
Gottauntas it byght  
Out of the byuersyte there wente in fere  
Syre and twenty. W. with the frere  
Of relygious men full ryght  
The moost partye was prestes I saye  
Eueryche pruned hym that day  
That he was goddes knyght  
The frere with grete deuocyon  
Bare the baner of crystes passyon  
Amonge the people all  
Dysplayed abrode grete Ioye to se  
Men of byuerse countre  
Fast to hym gan fall  
Thus passed forth the Cappstranus  
And met with the good erle Obedyanus  
A capayne pryncypall  
Twenty thousande and mo  
Amonge them was but knyghtes two  
And thus men dooth them call  
Bycharde mozpath a knyght of Englonde  
And syr Johan Clacke I vnderstonde  
That was a turke before  
And now he is a curteys knyght  
I lete you wete and a wyght  
And stedfast in our loze  
Many a turke hath greued sore  
They lyues they lefte behynde

He hath made them hop heedles  
Many one withouten les  
Where he myght theym fynde  
There. x. thousande met in fere  
With Obedyauns and the frere  
In helme and hauberke bygght  
To grece wyllyngh he took the waye  
There the turke at wyge laye  
With many a knyght  
Fourtene wekes the turke had ben there  
And put the crysten to moche fere  
To hym they had no myght  
Fyue. C. gonnes he lete thre at ones  
Brake doune the walles with stones  
The wyldre fyre lemed lyght  
To here it was grete wonder  
The noyse of gonnes moche lyke the thonder  
That was a frefull dynne  
The noyse was herde many a myle  
Obedyaunce the meane while  
Entred the towne within  
At. vi. of the clocke the sorhe to saye  
After noone on the Maudeleyne  
And neyther lesse ne mo  
And Capysstrans good frere Ihon  
Assoyled our men euerychone  
To batayll or they dyde gone  
And cryed loude with voyce cleere  
Lete vs fyght for our souper  
In heuen is redy dyght  
Our baner shall I bere to daye  
And to Ihesu fast shall praye



To spede vs in our ryght  
Anone they togyder mette  
Fyue. M. Deed withouten lette  
In helme and hauberke bryght  
Obedianus that noble man  
Slewe them fast that serued sathan  
Thow we cryst they? crownes had care  
All that he with his faucon hyt  
There was no salue I lette you wyte  
That euer myght hele that soze  
There was no turke that he with met  
But he had suche a buffet  
That he greued neuer crysten man moze  
He was a doughty knyght  
The fals he felled for goddes ryght  
I praye god wele myght he fare  
Mozpath and blacke Johan  
That daye kyllled turkes many one  
Certayne withouten lette  
There was none so good armoure  
That they? dyntes myght endure  
Helme nor bryght basynet  
They helwe vpon the hethen on hye  
They fyze out of euery syde gan flye  
So boldely on they bette  
Many a turke there was cast  
Betwixt tyll the Braynes brast  
They? maysters there they mette  
Many a. M. of preestes there was  
The turkes herde neuer suche a masse  
As they harde that daye  
Our preestes te deum songe

Capyst.

C. l.

The hethen fast downe they donge  
Then pay was put awaye  
There was scole maysters of the best  
Many of them were brought to rest  
That wolde not lere theyr lawe  
Thus our crysten people dyde fyght  
From. v. of y clocke on Maudeleyne nyght  
Tyll. x. on the other daye  
Then came y turkes with newe batayll  
Clene clad in plate and male  
A. C. thousande and mo  
On dromydaryes gan they ryde  
And kylled our men on euery syde  
Two. M. were there sloo  
Our men to stande they had no mayne  
But fledde to the towne anone  
With woundes wyde and bloo  
Twenty thousande of our men  
Were borne downe at the byrdege ende  
The turkes were so thro  
Dromydaryes ouer them ranne  
And kylled downe bothe horse and man  
In the felde durst none abyde  
Obedianus had many a wounde  
O he wolde flee the grounde  
For all the turkes pryde  
Horsepath and blacke Johan  
Had woundes many one  
That bloody were and wyde  
To the towne they fledde on fote  
They sawe it was no better bote  
Theyr stedes were slayne that tyde



The turkes folowed in to the towne  
And kyllled all befoze them downe  
Grete doyll it was to see  
In to the towne the grete turke wanne  
And kyllled wyfe chylde and man  
The Innocentes thynke gan dye  
Johan Capistranus se that it was thus  
And hent a curcyfre of cryst Ihesus  
Ranne vp tyll a toure on hye  
The halowed baner with hym he bare  
In the top of the toure he set it there  
And cryed full pytefully  
He sayd lord god in heuen on hye,  
Where is become thyn olde myght  
That men were wonte to haue  
O my lord cryste Ihesus  
Why hast thou forgotten vs  
Now helpe of the we craue  
Looke on thy people that do thus dye  
Lorde ones cast downe thyn eye  
And helpe thy men to saue  
Now lorde sende downe thy moche myght  
Agaynst these fendes for to fyght  
That so thy people dysprap  
Thynke lorde how I haue preched thy lawe  
Gone barefote bothe in frost and snawe  
To please the to thy paye  
I haue fasted and suffred dyssease  
Prayed all onely the to please  
The psalmes ofte I saye  
For all my scruple I haue done the  
I aske no moze to my fee

But helpe thy men to day  
For and thou lette them thus spyll  
I am ryght in good wyll  
For euer to forsake thy laye  
Now mary mayden helpe me to daye  
Or elles thy matyns shall I neuer saye  
Dayes of all my lyue  
Be no prayer that the shall please  
But yf thou helpe now our desease  
Be meny thy Joyes fyue  
A poynt is for thy maydenhede  
That all this people suffreth dede  
Now helpe to stynte our stryue  
Now lady of thy men haue pyte  
Praye for them to thy sone on hye  
As thou arte mayden and wyfe  
O lord fader omnyppotent  
Thynke on y myracle þ thou charles sent  
That for the dyde fyght  
Thrughe his prayer and grace  
The sone shone styll thre dayes space  
And shone with beames bryght  
Pharao thou drowned in the see  
Tho that thou lete go free  
Alwaye thou ledde them ryght  
This daye lord thou helpe thy men  
Thou art also bygge now as thou was then  
And of as moche myght  
The frere loude on god cryed  
A longe myle on euery syde  
The people herde his voyse  
Twenty. M. dede for to see



Within the twynclyn of an eye  
To lyfe they rose agayne  
Echone a wepyn in hande hente  
And frely began to fyght  
And felde downe fast theyz foes  
The good erle Obedianus  
Fought frely for our lord Ihesus  
On euery syde spronge his lose  
He droue the truke out of the towne  
The crysten felled the false downe  
And droue them to the felde agayne  
Twenty. M. with them mette  
Ozelles the turke withouten lette  
Surely had ben slayne  
Than were they fayne for to fyght  
Than euer was foule of daye lyght  
Certayne withouten layne

**N**ow begynneth a newe batayll  
I let you wyt withouten fayle  
Of myghty men of mayne  
Pchone hewe on other with Ire  
That all the felde semed fyre  
Also lyght as leme of thonder  
Euery man hurte other in hast  
And layde on basynettes to braynes brast  
And euer the false fell vnder  
The blode ranne all the felde  
Of doughty men vnder shelde  
To se it was grete wonder  
There was hewynge from the hals  
The helmes and the hedes als

Byche knyghtes were unknytte  
Many a turke withouten fayle  
Combled top ouer taylor  
That neuer rose yet  
So harde on helmes they hewe  
That there were turkes but fewe  
That in sadyll coude sytte  
There was no turke there  
But he myght tell of moche care  
I lette you well wytte  
There was stycked man a stede  
Grette dromydazys made blede  
Tho they for faynt fell  
The crysten men had quarelles good  
They dzedde nothyng to shed theyr blode  
Whan Ihesu dyde them call  
They hewed on with swerdes kene  
Of helmes with the hedes by deene  
Tumbled as a ball  
So delte they strokes on a brayde  
That no turke helde hym apayde  
The proudest of them all  
There was hurtelinge in fere  
Broken many a sharpe spere  
And drawen many a knyfe  
Stedes sterted out of stryfe  
And kest theyr maysters in the waye  
Utterly bylene  
Many a hethen in theyr ghere  
His folowe gan downe bere  
And to the erthe hym dzyue  
The blode ranne thurgh the brest





